

**pensare
nelle lingue**

differenze

زبانهای مختلف
تفکر کردن در

AUBURN

C
I
R
C
L
E

different languages

THINKING IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES

用不同的语言进行思考问题

WINTER NINETEEN NINETY-FIVE VOLUME TWENTY-TWO ISSUE ONE

UPC FINE ARTS PRESENTS:

COFFEEHOUSE '96



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GROUP
WEDNESDAY
JANUARY 31st
7:00 PM
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AMERICAN INSTRUMENT--
THE STICK



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The Auburn Circle accepts works from students, staff and alumni of Auburn University. Prose, poetry, essays and articles should be typed. The Auburn Circle has access to IBM and Macintosh computers. It is preferred that artwork be submitted on slide, but originals are accepted. All original artwork remains in The Auburn Circle offices and is photographed to reduce risk of damage (all artwork will be returned upon request). We accommodate artwork of any size and shape. Original copies of photographs are required for submission. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our Gallery section. All submissions become property of The Auburn Circle on a one-time printing basis, with reserved rights for possible reprinting of material at a later date.

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Please include your name, phone number, address, and a 3-5 sentence bio with submissions.

COLOPHON

This issue of the Auburn Circle was printed by Auburn University Printing Services. The fonts used within this issue were Senator thin for body text, Matrix for some body text, Senator Demi for some subheads, CONFIDENTIAL for subheads, WAREHOUSE for headlines.

WINTER NINETEEN NINETY-SIX VOLUME TWENTY-TWO ISSUE ONE

The Auburn Circle, financed by advertising and student activity fees, serves as a forum for writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse audience by providing a variety of short stories, poetry, art, and photography. The Auburn Circle is published three times a year - fall, winter, and spring - with an average distribution of 4,000 copies. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the artists, not necessarily those of the Auburn University Board of Student Communications, those companies advertising in The Auburn Circle, the editors and staff, Auburn University, or Auburn's administration and Board of Trustees. Auburn University 1996 Winter issue.

TO THE THOUGHT:

KATHERINE PERRY

Although she seems to be a permanent Auburn English Major, she hopes to eventually get out into the cold, harsh world. For now, she spends as much time as possible reading, writing, going to the theatre, playing her guitar, and carving her strange family tree into her bedroom wall.

PAUL HOTCHKISS

A junior in English who secretly dreams of having a McDonald's hamburger named after him.

MARK S. PRICE

A Professor of Art at Auburn University who says he is trying to learn how to write poetry.

KIP SOTERES

Assistant poetry editor of *the Southern Humanities Review* and PhD candidate in English at Auburn. He was published most recently in *The Literary Review*. His reading recommendations are modern Greek poets: C.P. Kavafy, Mani Issaia, and George Seferis.

JODY FAIRCLOTH

An O'two. He likes to be outside more than in. He likes to play "ultimate" and drive way out into nowhere and find his way back. He has good buds. He painfully hates to be dragged into the real world. He hopes to have some great ambition someday other than just to be happy.

AMY WEIDON

After a semester-long sabbatical at the University of Mississippi, she has returned to Auburn University, having failed to contact the ghost of William Faulkner. Hopefully, she will graduate in Spring 1996.

CONRAD ROSS

A Professor of Art at Auburn University for thirty years. He runs **Wycross Press**, a company devoted to experimental printmaking.

BELINDA BURNHAM

Senior in Graphic Design

LISA MINARDI

A Graphic Design Major who is currently exploring black and white photography. She went to London this past summer and studied photography at the Royal College of Art. She enjoys photographing old, rusty objects and found junk.

ZDENKO KR TIC

Assistant Professor of Art at Auburn University and native of Croatia. He is a fan of Joy Division, Tom Waits, Rachmaninoff, and Mozart.

RINA MOTOKAWA (alias "Motor Cow")

A senior in Graphic Design from Japan. She cannot tell us much about herself because she is currently serving as a spy, trying to get information on our motor vehicle technology.

MADONNA SMITH

A student in Fine Arts concentrating in painting.

THE CONTENTS

KATHERINE PERRY	FIRST DAY OF THE REST	6
BELINDA BURNHAM	UNTITLED	7
KIP SOTERES	LAZARUS FISH	8
ZDENKO KRATIC	THE BLACK SPIDER AMONG THE COLORS	10
LISA MINARDI	UNTITLED	17
MARK PRICE	I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS	18
CONRAD ROSS	CHINA COLLÉS	20
AMY WELDON	EXPLOSIONS	25
MARK PRICE	COLONIAL INDOCHINA FLASH- BACK	30
BELINDA BURNHAM	UNTITLED	31
KATHERINE PERRY	SUNDAY 11:15 AM	32
RINA MOTOKAWA	UNTITLED II	33
RINA MOTOKAWA	MIRROR	34
PAUL HOTCHKISS	SWEET AND SOUR REVERIE	35
JODY FAIRCLOTH	JERRY	37

Painting on back cover by Jelena
Kiseljak, age 12, Zagreb, Croatia

Cover design by ! whatever

Editor's Note

The design on the cover of this magazine repeats the phrase Thinking In Different Languages. It is intended to open the theme of communication and understanding between diverse groups of people. The staff chooses the theme for each magazine by examining the works that have been accepted for publication and discovering the common ideas that exist within

them. It's true that some of the relationships are more subtle than others, but as a whole I think that this issue of **The Auburn Circle** expresses the need one has to be a part of a community, whether it be the community of a small town, an artistic community a global community, or one that exists between only two people.

A few months ago I gave a professional sketch book to my four-year-old cousin, Nicole. I had noticed that whenever she came to visit she carried coloring books and crayons with her. I gave her the book and encouraged her to begin drawing her own pictures, and within fifteen minutes she had filled ten pages with colorful abstract images. I pointed to one that had a large spiral, diagonal lines, and small circles of color and asked her what she had drawn. "Well," she pointed to the spiral, "this is a country. But it's one that we don't live in - it's far away. I would like to give this picture to one of the people there." It impressed me that Nicole not only is aware of the presence of far off places, but also is aware that there are people in those places, and that by drawing a picture she can communicate with them. This issue of **The Auburn Circle** is dedicated to all of the different languages and to those who speak them.

EDITOR'S NOTE

► An exhibition, **The Black Spider Among the Colors - drawings and paintings about war and peace by children of Bosnia and Croatia**, opens in Auburn on 18 January 1996. The curator of this exhibition Zdenko Krtic, Assistant Professor of Art at Auburn University, has been working intensely over the past several months with art educators and art therapists from Croatia and Bosnia in preparing this show. The majority of the works that will be featured are produced by children who were victims of the fighting.

In addition, the show will feature drawings by Alabama children on the subject of (imaginary) war and peace. These works will be executed as a gesture of solidarity and compassion with the children who suffer anywhere in the world where there is war.

Exhibition dates: 18 January - 2 February 1996 at Foy Union Gallery, Auburn University main campus. Croatian Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Petar Sarcevic will visit the campus and speak on a related subject on 29 January 1996. This exhibition (and the talk), are sponsored by the Franklin Lectures in the Sciences and the Humanities.

18 January 1996

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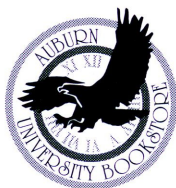
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*The Auburn University Bookstore
salutes all of the writers and artists
featured in this issue of The Circle.*

THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST

The First Day of the Rest
Katherine Perry

Awake, air thick and black -
gas mask long lost -
Hands grope across wooden floors
looking for water, or
something that eyes can't find.
Tears carry soot from the blaze,
and my lungs convulse.

Burning, air furious, scorches -
armor melted away -
Naked legs push my brown body
away from the bed,
toward unseen exits
No neon, No help,
only tribal flames
surround me,
devour pages of journals I cannot stop
to save,
Can only value the beating
that still pounds against my chest
like some reminder

Restoration, opening -
a light -
and choking,
black inside and out,
my body revolts against the terror.
Behind me, timbers crack and fall,
explosions from hair spray cans and light bulbs,
blue gray smoke pours through broken windows
finding freedom.
And suddenly, a siren,
flashes of red and men in slick
coats rush around me.
My body lifts in someone's arms
and I hear the water,
the struggle of two forces colliding
a hiss
a drip
the breakdown of both sides

Water to vapor
Flames to coal.



Untitled, 1995. Belinda Sabato Burnham

Lazarus Fish Kip Soteres

LAZARUS FISH

Kan ma kan

Bidna nihki . . .

There was or there was not;
shall we tell stories?

She fish for dreams with voice like gossamer line,
her language hook. And he belly down on the sofa
like a carp.

Lights on, he could barely hear her,
so turned them off, and dwelled in a tank of darkness.
When his own breath drowned her out, refused to breathe:

A girl who spoke jasmine and lilies . . .

"She doesn't know
that I am the fat black fish
who feeds in the deep."

His lake is enchanted as ether,
his head swims:

*I am thirsty, I am dry
Give me water, else I die!*

Thus were the ways he heard her,
he did not hear her, whose name
he knew, he did not really know:

*The Moslems were white fish,
Christians blue, Jews yellow -
colors to die for
like principles or a friend -*

and he felt a fire being kindled in his heart,
and he sank in a sea without any shore or bottom.

Imagined her pregnant; imagined
she spoke from her bedside to a child,
one hand on her belly; imagined
the curve and feel - uniquely human love
disguised as war. And he imagined. . .

*By virtue of these mighty names and verses,
abandon this form, return to the shape
in which God created you!*

There is no God

but the God. . .

And all paradise
by the simple opening of a door
swarmed with enchantment
until his spirit sank.

Thief! Criminal!

*This time he did not mark it with a sign,
but memorized the place
and stamped it on the tablet of his heart.*

And the air grew thick with heat
from the vents. Beams of the waning, quarter moon
shivered, as if alive, with motes of dust,
which waltzed in the watery light
of a fairy tale.

Daylike: Anastasia says:
"You need to get out, feel better,"
and he replies. . .

*With all my strength I pulled as hard as I could, landed a giant fish, larger than any I or
my father before me had ever caught. As it thrashed on the sand at my feet, it suddenly
coughed and spat out a jewel, a diamond larger and more full of light than any ever seen
. . . But ever since that day, I have spent every daylight moment and every penny that I
possess in trying once more to find that strange large fish. My strength and my riches
have gone the ways of the wind; they have left not a trace.*

There is no sweetness in my days
and I have no peace.

THE BLACK SPIDER AMONG THE COLORS:

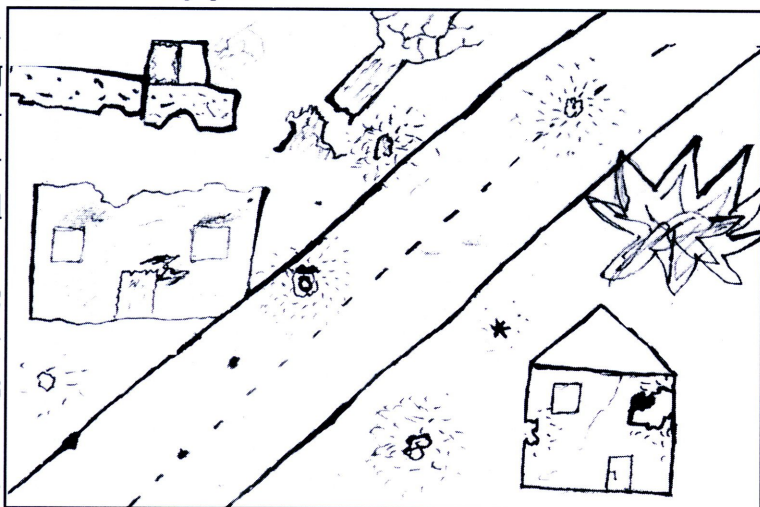
THE DEPICTION OF EVIL IN DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY CHILDREN OF BOSNIA AND CROATIA

A black spider appears to be moving inside a sort of colorful web. After a second look, this web, consisting of concentric rings, looks more like a cavern, or an open wound in a body with the spider crawling out of it. Although this watercolor implies beauty with its skillful execution, a disturbing, shifting image comes alive. The spider strikes us as a sinister, mysteriously powerful creature. Everything in this picture is permeated with fear, even the delicate colored rings that contrast with the dark image of the spider. The black spider

among the colors is the representation of terror itself. This extraordinary work by nine-year-old Ljudevit Jez, refugee from Croatia, embodies the agony of all people of former Yugoslavia, hopelessly caught in a web of ethnic violence and hatred.

When asked to express their personal experiences, regardless of how unpleasant they were, some children show remarkable ability to recreate scenes filled with terror. In his drawing entitled *What I had experienced*, eleven-year-old Sanadin Dzafo

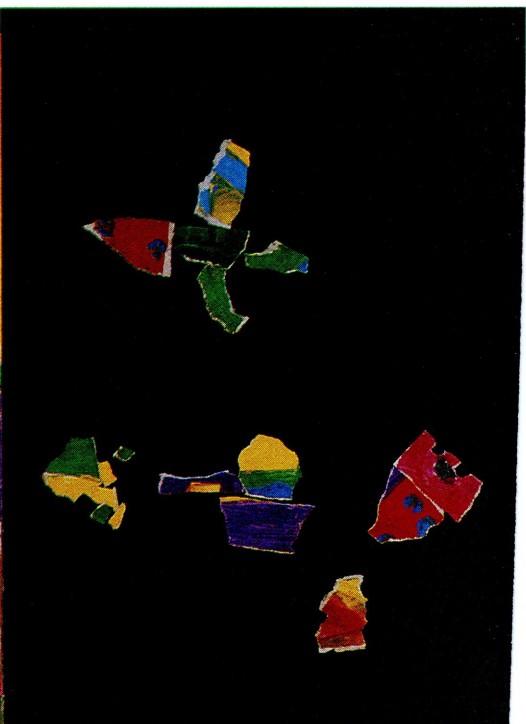
ZDENKO KRTO

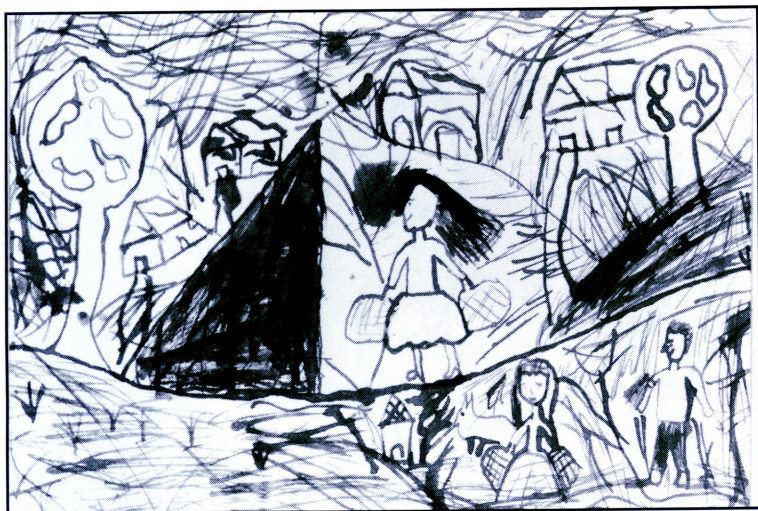


What I had Experienced, Sanadin Dzafo, 11

Top Adjacent: The black spider among the colors, Ljudevit Jez, 9
Bottom Adjacent: Bloody rain falling on the mountain, Mateja Gavranovic, 11 and Ruza Drmic, 9







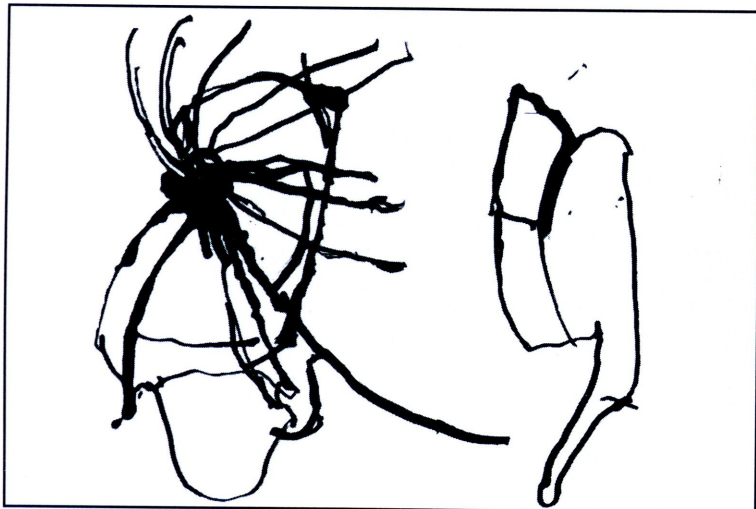
The horrors of war, Danijela Hrgic, 12

does not shy away from depicting an environment ravaged by fighting. Sanadin, a Muslim child from Mostar, a city in southwestern Bosnia, witnessed some of the worst destruction and fighting in this brutal conflict. As a result of the deliberate destruction of all the bridges that spanned the Neretva (the river flowing through the middle of the town), the city literally was cut into two halves, Croat and Muslim. Just like the city, Sanadin's drawing is "cut" into two parts by a road (or river?), placed diagonally across the page. On both sides we can see evidence of destruction. Nothing has been spared: burnt-down houses, a shattered truck, and the severed trunk of a tree are silent witnesses of constant and indiscriminate shelling.

Since the outbreak of fighting in 1991 in former Yugoslavia, an estimated two million people have been displaced from their homes. The infamous policy of ethnic

cleansing, concentration camps, mass rapes, hatred and an ultimately unusual level of brutality have been responsible for this. It appears that it rains in the drawing *The horrors of war* by Danijela Hrgic. Through entangled lines and the aggressive marks we see a landscape filled by figures of children carrying bags, with the houses drawn behind them. "People with plastic bags" is the term used to describe refugees, people awakened in the middle of the night and forced out of their homes by soldiers. This exodus is often reinforced with killings and rapes. Those who are fortunate to leave unharmed can take only what they can carry in their hands. The bags, containing immediate possessions, are

SANADIN DZAFU DOES NOT SHY
AWAY FROM DEPICTING AN
ENVIRONMENT RAVAGED BY
F I G H T I N G



Tracer bullets, Danijela Takac, 5

prominent features in this drawing. Twelve-year-old Danijela and her whole family lived through this experience.

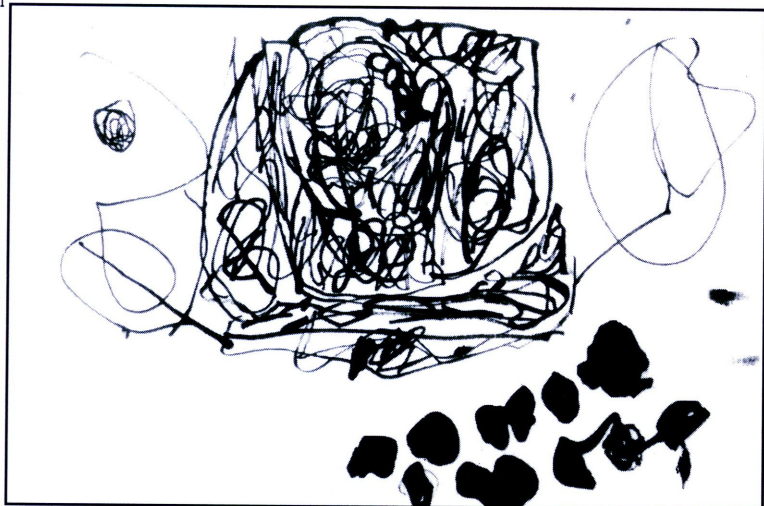
► Although the represented drawings are easily recognizable and labeled as "children's art", the seriousness of the subject and the ways that the individual themes are depicted make them a unique document of this period. The suffering of innocents, the cruelty and senselessness of the war

are underlying themes in many of the drawings.

You probably remember the television pictures of the Gulf war several years ago, with green lights illuminating

Human blood and brains on the Ilaca graveyard, Mario Smitlanovic, 6

the sky over Baghdad. This was caused by exploding tracer ammunition, (their purpose is to mark the flight of projectiles and to reveal the potential targets). Five-year-old Danijela Takac, refugee from Vukovar, calls her drawing **Tracer bullets**, a very unlikely subject for a child to draw. Before it was overtaken by invading forces of the Yugoslav (Serbian) army, Vukovar, a city in eastern Croatia, was mercilessly shelled for months, day and night. During the six month long siege, the entire civilian population was forced to live underground. Although poorly armed, local defenders gave brave resistance. Eventually, the almost totally destroyed city was emptied of its non-Serb popu-



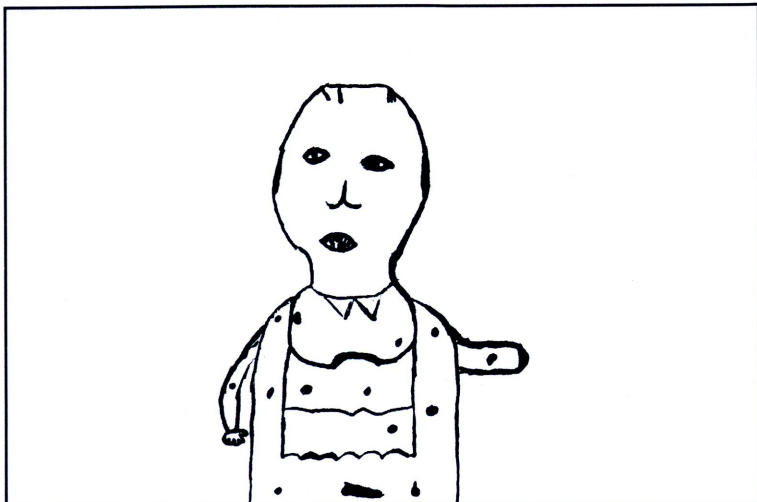
ALTHOUGH THE REPRESENTED DRAWINGS ARE EASILY RECOGNIZABLE AND LABELED AS "CHILDREN'S ART", THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SUBJECT AND THE WAYS THAT THE INDIVIDUAL THEMES ARE DEPICTED MAKE THEM A UNIQUE DOCUMENT OF

I H I S P E R I O D

lation. The experience of constant day and night shelling caused Danijela to draw animated, gestural shapes that appear to be exploding in mid-air.

The peculiar co-existence of the extreme brutality depicted in the drawings and the vulnerability of the children's age adds to the depth of this tragedy. Over two-hundred thousand

people have perished in this war, many of them children. The number of severely injured is estimated to be even greater. In a striking drawing by Mario Svitlanovic, a six-year-old boy, all the familiarity with imagery that we usually associate with children's art is gone. Tangled lines, scribbles, and black stains of **Human blood and brains on the Ilaca graveyard** (title given by the child himself), recreate



Wounded Man, Ana Grzic, 11

► The house in Bosnia stands alone is permeated with sorrow and conveys a tragic loss of a home and everything associated with it.

the horror of witnessing an unspeakable crime - the execution of prisoners on the Ilaca graveyard in Tovarnik (Bosnia) in 1992.

In this war children were not spared of anything. Another drawing, **Wounded man** by Ana Grzic, shows a victim, a solitary figure, with traces of shrapnel all over his body, his left arm severed. The absent background adds to the feeling of isolation and hopelessness.

Even when a child's drawing displays familiar iconography associated with his/her age - the sun, a tree, a house - the way these symbols are organized and processed reveals unexpected, often troubled results. Paint is applied densely in the drawing of nine-year-old Marijana, refugee from Derventa in northern Bosnia. The solitary image of a house (possibly her own home) is surrounded and soaked in dense, bloody crimson. This density causes the trees on the right to look like ghost images,

lacking in clarity, and evoking distance. Even the sun has been caught in between the heavy crimson coat of paint around it and the dark cloud above it. The house and the sun appear to be struggling for survival, yet they are not overpowered by creeping paint - they are not yet forgotten. **The house in Bosnia stands alone** is permeated with sorrow and conveys a tragic loss of a home and everything associated with it.

Reminiscent of a figure in Edvard Munch's famous painting "The Scream", a face with a strikingly similar expres-

sion appears in the painting **Bloody rain falling on the mountain**. This face, the image of sheer fright, is pushed into the corner of the composition, leaving room for a landscape dominated by the image of a huge mountain. The dark overtones of the image are reinforced by the red stains scattered all over it. The broad and consistent application of the wavy brush strokes brings an almost abstract and dreamlike quality to this painting. But the dream is really a nightmare. This painting, a result of a collaborative effort between two girls, eleven-year-old Mateja and nine-year-old Ruza, offers a vivid portrayal of their shared anguish.

Many teachers, child psychologists, and artists in Croatia and Bosnia are trying to help children who are scarred both emotionally and physically. Through regular art classes at schools, and through improvised art therapy programs (established in numerous refugee camps) they try to revive their halted childhoods and to bring back a sense of normalcy to their lives. The activity of creative processes - music, dance, theater, and all forms of visual art - help children to release at least some of their accumulated fear and anxiety. However, in order to heal these wounds more professionals and volunteers are needed. This is a serious problem and the international community should be more helpful in dealing with it.

Although viewing these works is uncomfortable and unsettling, these documents of tragic events and experiences are at the same time life-affirming. We are touched by the immediacy, honesty, and naivete of the children's marks and gestures. The endurance, resilience, and dignity of these young victims is overwhelming.

The focus here was to present the most compelling and tragic works about war that could have been located. Although these art works are charged by the children's horrifying experiences, conveying their anxiety and pain, the majority of drawings stress positive qualities and often display the children's desire for peace and their hopefulness for the future. One of these works, **Peace is joy**, a diptych by Edin Glibic, tells of the division between darkness (evil) and light (hope, peace). What is immediately noticeable is a very different treatment of the two parts in this painting/collage. While that which represents the war (evil) - tanks and other machinery of destruction - is cut into sections and deliberately fragmented and marginal, a more harmonious and integrated vision is given to the representation of peace. Everything in the landscape - the attention to details, the colors employed, and the unity and harmony of the elements - send an undeniably affirmative message to the world. With his work, Edin proclaims victory over death and misery.

THIS FACE, THE IMAGE OF SHEER FRIGHT,
IS PUSHED INTO THE CORNER OF THE COMPOSITION,
LEAVING ROOM FOR A LANDSCAPE DOMINATED BY THE
IMAGE OF A HUGE MOUNTAIN.



Untitled, 1995. Lisa Minardi

I Am Not Superstitious

I sort of awaken in
-to the b l e a k e s t
shiny night be
-fore me
hearing that
"you are what you are"
from crosbystillsandnash

I remember
I have a doc
-tor who's my
own age
and he's **opera**
-ting on my eye right now
My blackened twilight mind
glows at a slice site that leaks
out a large
circle of **g**
-litter bright hues
for a drug dream minute
or so

A
-sleep a
-gain two days late
-r, after my corn
-eal transplant, a night
-mare of a dimlit
young man's face a
-rrives be
-fore me
silent
-ly coming close
s l o w l y

Natural
-ly I moanscream
my
-self awake and
scar(e) the hellout
of my wife

I would
have preferred a love
-ly sunrise in
-stead

Thenext night it
happens again on
-ly he is
even closer this time

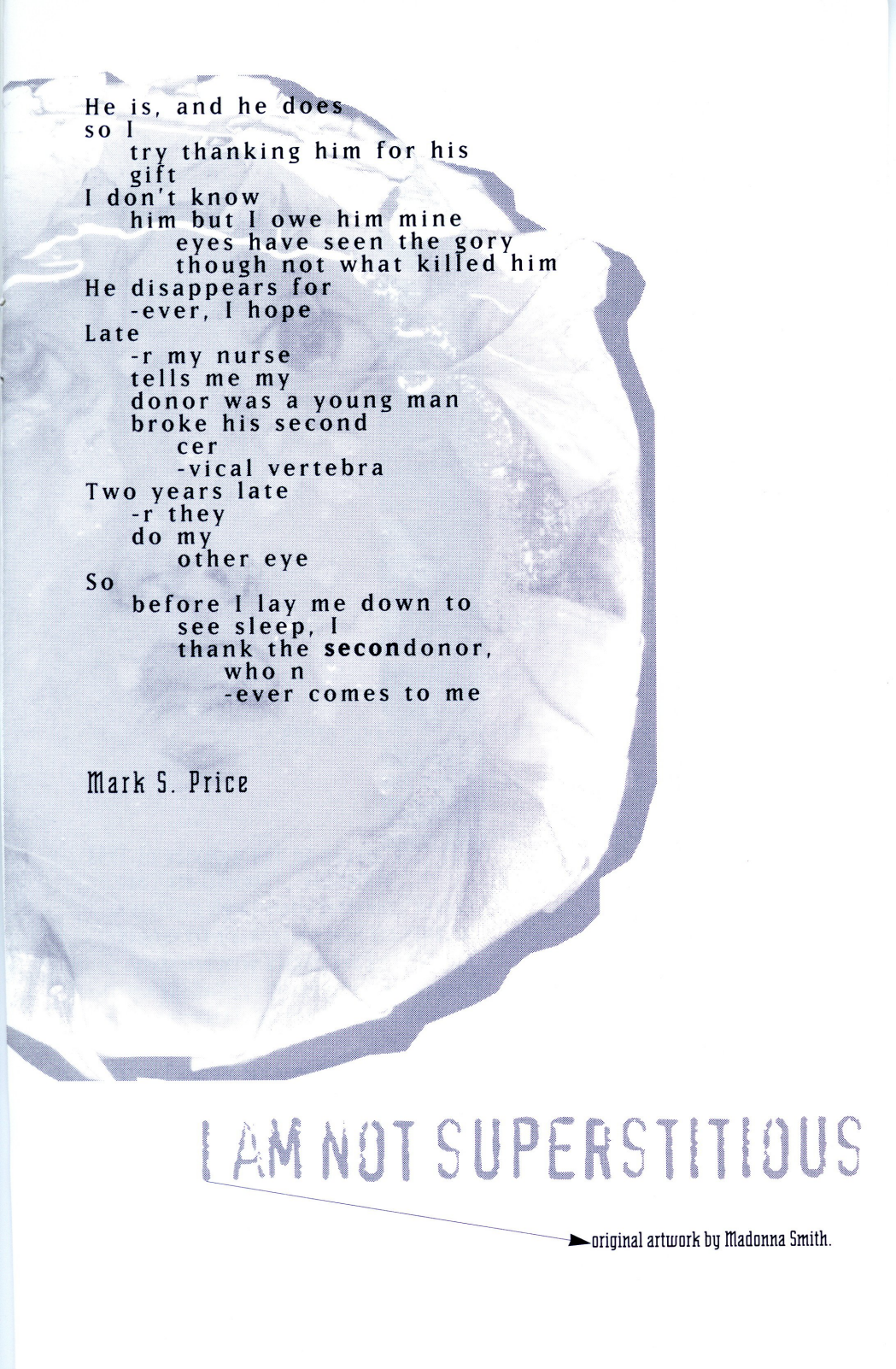
Thenext next night I
fearsleep, not know
-ing
but suspecting
he's my do
-nor if he'll return



China #1, 1995. Collé. 20x14 inches



China #2, 1995. Collé. 20x14 inches



He is, and he does
so I
try thanking him for his
gift
I don't know
him but I owe him mine
eyes have seen the gory
though not what killed him
He disappears for
-ever, I hope
Late
-r my nurse
tells me my
donor was a young man
broke his second
cer
-vical vertebra
Two years late
-r they
do my
other eye
So
before I lay me down to
see sleep, I
thank the **second** donor,
who n
-ever comes to me

Mark S. Price

I AM NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

► original artwork by Madonna Smith.

The China collés are dis-
cards, throwaways that
became personal reli-
quaries reflecting my
observations on politics,
the environment and tra-
dition in China. The images
found in the collés are leftovers
from several earlier print pro-
jects that were themselves an
expression of a "China experi-
ence", one I had when traveling
as a member of a Fulbright-Hays
seminar studying the arts and
crafts of that great country. We
traveled to nine cities in China

THE CHINA COLLÉS

Four prints.

over five weeks in the summer of 1993.

"Li/Beidaike", "Deng/Bei Dao", and
"Yunnan", the three prints I made previous to
the collés and from which they were derived,
combine relief and intaglio print processes.
These prints inadvertently supplied the material
for the shifting views of China reflected in the
collés.

One of the largest dams in the world, if not the
largest, is presently under construction on the
upper Yangtze near Yunnan. It will have an
enormous effect on the environment, yet China's
political leaders, eager to harness the power of
this major waterway, seem oblivious to the
respect for nature expressed by their own poets
and to the consequences upon the environment
this dam will bring.

CONRAD ROSS



China #4, 1995. Collé. 20x14 inches



China #6, 1995. Collé. 20x14 inches

To my dad,

a college physics professor, the world is a fair place. When I turned twelve this year and started the eighth grade, he told me that every action gets the reaction it deserves and that space makes room for you if you push hard enough. I am five feet ten inches tall. To me, space is like a jacket sleeve that won't come over my wrist. Wherever I go I feel molecules of air bumping against my miles of arms and legs. Space won't let me be comfortable anywhere.

And if the world really is a fair place, my father will not punish me for what I have done today to John Davis and Shannon McCarthy and David Sutton.

I have been the tallest person in my class since second grade. When we line up in the library for our class picture every year, I go to the front row with Darby

EXPLOSIONS

EVERY ACTION GETS
THE REACTION it deserves
and that space makes room
for you if you push hard
e n o u g h .

Jenkins and the popular girls, who wear three

watches on each wrist and can do splits all the way to the ground. The teacher moves me to the back row with the boys, who giggle at me and move away. "You're the tallest one in the class, Katie," she says. "We have to make the line look even."

Dad told me when I was five that a car moves because of explosions that jump across spaces in the engine. I used to watch my mother from the back seat, praying she wouldn't blow up the car by running a stop sign or hitting a bump. I wondered how she could be so calm when we were so close to death.

Now I know that explosions can be good if you keep them under control. All the time, in my head, chains of them slam into each other and set off new ones. I have ideas for stories I can write and ideas for dances to do across the lawn and things to say to the boys at school, funnier and meaner things than they say to me. But when I try to say them, the explosions stop and so does my voice.

I spend a lot of time in the backyard because John Davis, the boy who named me Eighty-foot Katie, lives on the other side of the fence. I can see his house through a knothole. His moth-

er wears sleeveless dresses that show her floppy arms, the kind of dresses that are always on sale at the Big and Tall Women's store where Mom buys my clothes. All afternoon, she sits on the porch and smokes cigarettes. I was afraid she'd see my eye through the hole, but then I realized she doesn't see anything at all.

**JOHN, SHANNON MCCARTHY,
AND DAVID SUTTON SIT IN THE BACK
OF THE BUS EVERY MORNING, RIP THE
SEAT CUSHIONS OPEN WITH RUSTY
POCKETKNIVES, AND VAB THE FOAM
INTO TINY WHITE BULLETS. THEY
GIVE EACH OTHER TWO POINTS FOR
HITTING MY HEAD, FOUR FOR MY NECK,
AND SIX FOR MY EAR**

I look out the window at houses rolling by and pray for something interesting outside to take their attention away from me.

In algebra class, they sit behind me with their jackets off and their feet on the chairs, scratching the desks with their knives. They always ask the teacher, Miss Kelley, for help. She's young and wears blouses that fall open when she leans over their desks. They make up questions to ask and snicker when she's too far away to hear.

Today they were working on problems and didn't look up when I came in. I was wearing a new outfit, a pastel plaid blouse with matching vest and pants. It came from the tall store, not the Junior Department where miniskirts and neon-colored tops and blue-jean shorts were laid out in rows. None of those clothes have enough room for me.

Today I was also wearing the shoes my mother bought me, because I felt guilty. They are beige Hush Puppies with thick crinkled soles, like the shoes nurses wear. She had gone to three different stores and those were the only 11 narrow in town. Besides they were on sale. I didn't want to be ungrateful, so I put them on this morning. When I got to school, I wished I hadn't.

After I had been working on my algebra for fifteen minutes, John jabbed me in the back with a pencil. An explosion, like a warm splash of acid, went off in my stomach. I stared at the board and pretended I was shooting ice needles out of back into his mouth, stabbing his tongue over and over until he couldn't talk.

"Hey!" he said to me. "Do you buy your clothes at a hospital or just an old lady store?"

I stared at Darby Jenkins' head in front of me trying to ignore him. She wears a different-colored pair of high-top sneakers to school every day. Today, they were bright yellow.

"Those shoes are really awesome," John said. "I want some just like 'em so I can go run around a hospital. I need another pair for my grandma."

I kept staring at Darby's shoes, imagining the rainbow in her closet - pink, purple, orange, red and blue, every color but brown.

"Eighty-foot Katie," Shannon whispered, just loud enough for me to hear. "Giraffe. Snobby bitch."

"We should be quiet," David said with fake surprise. "Can't you see Eighty-foot Katie is trying to IGNORE us?"

John jabbed me with his pencil again. "Hey!" he said. "You think you're cool, don't you, nerd?"

Shannon and David, then all the other boys started to laugh. Space fell in on me and squeezed tears out of my head and down my cheeks. I knew the ice needles wouldn't work and John knew it too.

**TODAY I WAS ALSO WEARING THE SHOES MY
MOTHER BOUGHT ME, BECAUSE I FELT
G U I L T Y.**

They are beige Hush Puppies with thick crinkled soles, like the shoes nurses wear. She had gone to three different stores and those were the only 11 narrow in town. Besides they were on sale. I didn't want to be ungrateful, so I put them on this morning. When I got to school, I wished I hadn't.

My hip slammed into my desk as I ran out of the room on my fat shoes. Miss Kelley called me, but I pretended I didn't hear her, and that time, it worked.

When I got home from school I went to the fence and watched John's mother on her porch. She lit a cigarette and coughed. I wanted to yell through the hole and tell her the things her son does to me every day, but I wasn't sure she would hear me if I did. John's house seemed like part of a different world, where gravity held mothers in their chairs and space was full of smoke and boys who made girls cry could get away without being punished. If I kept watching, maybe I could figure out the laws that worked there, and I could ask my father if the laws of

▼ I waited a little longer and followed him, pretending I was a spy.

physics are different for other people's lives.

John's voice came through the screen door and then I saw him in the yard, surrounded by a brown circle of wood. I know his voice so well that it was strange to hear it directed away from me, without laughter or hate. Inside I was cringing, waiting for him to walk to the fence and jab a pencil in my eye, calling me Eighty-foot Katie and nerd and asshole like he does on the bus every morning. He takes up so much space in my head that I should take up some of his.

He told his mother he needed the shovel because he and Shannon and David were going to dig a hole in the woods down by the street, for a fort. The woods are on a wide undeveloped lot in the neighborhood, with the street at the front and houses on two sides. It's always dark and full of vines and big trees. There's a bike trail through it, but I don't have a bike and I never go in without a way to get out fast.

After ten minutes John passed our house with the shovel over his shoulder. I waited a little longer and followed him, pretending I was a spy. David and Shannon met him in front of the woods, and then I heard their voices going farther back, into the deepest part. When they stopped, I hid under the branches of a magnolia tree, which spread around me like fat lady's nightgown.

Shannon had a small red wagon stacked with pallets and plywood, and David had another shovel. They started digging and Shannon nailed a piece of plywood onto a pallet to make a trapdoor. In an hour the hole was six feet deep.

SHANNON DRAGGED THE PALLET TO THE HOLE AND PULLED A GLOSSY MAGAZINE WITH A NAKED BLONDE GIRL ON THE COVER OUT OF HIS JACKET. I'D CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THOSE MAGAZINES BEFORE IN GAS STATIONS, BUT NEVER THIS CLOSE. HE DROPPED THE MAGAZINE TO JOHN AND DAVID, THEN JUMPED IN AFTER THEM AND PULLED THE LID OVER THE TOP. PRETTY SOON, GRAY CIGARETTE SMOKE DOOZED AROUND THE EDGES OF THE DOOR, AND I HEARD THE BOYS LAUGHING UNDERGROUND, WHOOPING LIKE HYENAS. JOHN HAD PROBABLY STOLEN HIS MOTHER'S CIGARETTES.

I FELT THE
EXPLOSIONS
STARTING IN MY
HEAD AGAIN.
TOMORROW
MORNING, I
WOULD WALK TO
THE BACK OF THE
BUS AND SIT
DOWN ON THE
HOLEY SEAT,
LEANING OVER
THE BACK LIKE
MISS KELLEY,
AND TELL THEM I
KNEW ALL ABOUT
THEIR SECRET.
"I KNOW ABOUT
THE MAGAZINES,
AND THE CIGA-
RETTES, AND I
KNOW WHAT YOU
SAY ABOUT THE
GIRLS IN OUR
CLASS," I WOULD
TELL THEM. "I
KNOW WHAT YOU
SAY ABOUT ME."

► I felt the explosions starting in my head again. Tomorrow morning, I would walk to the back of the bus and sit down on the holey seat, leaning over the back like Miss Kelley, and tell them I knew all about their secret. "I know about the magazines, and the cigarettes, and I know what you say about the girls in our class," I would tell them. "I know what you say about me."

Their faces would turn white and they would fidget around on the seats, begging me not to get them in trouble. "I could make it hard on you boys," I would say, like the tough ladies in old gangster movies on TV. "I could tell them everything I know. What's it worth?"

They would offer me everything they had, their BMX bikes and their wooden baseball bats and their rusty knives. I would pretend to consider this, and then I would tell them how I felt when they threw seat foam at me and it burned the back of my head, when they wouldn't stand close to me in class pictures, how much it hurt when they made fun of my shoes. I would tell them everything I couldn't tell my mom when she asked me what was wrong, and they would feel so guilty that they would never hurt me again. From then on, they would look at me like they did at Darby and the other girls on the playground, pretending they don't care but keeping half their faces turned toward them all the time.

Shannon's hand came out of the ground and pushed the lid away. A big cloud of cigarette smoke rolled out, and I heard them coughing. John was still talking. He was used to smoke.

"Look at the tits on her," John said. The words didn't sound comfortable in his mouth, like he was trying to impress the other boys but would rather not say them. "I wonder if Eighty-foot Katie looks like this."

His voice was surer then. The words were like the first moves in my father's chess games. From then on, they all knew what to say.

"No," David said. "Katie's too damn ugly. Besides, this girl ain't wearing nurses' shoes."

"And she ain't dressed like an old lady," Shannon said. "She ain't dressed at all."

The three of them laughed noisily. Another big cloud of smoke rolled out of the hole. I could barely see the tops of their heads through the magnolia leaves, all bent mysteriously over the magazine, joined together in making fun of me.

I remembered a TV show I saw about Vietnam, where soldiers hid in big clumps of leaves like this and killed little brown men with giant red explosions. It was the only way to sleep safely at night and be sure they'd leave you alone forever — to kill them before they killed you. Explosions like that would let everybody know nobody could push you around or make fun of your shoes or call you eighty-foot bitch in class. All I could see was the three

patches of brown hair sticking out of the hole, laughing at me even though nobody was there to hear them, laughing at my shoes my mother bought on sale, laughing at me just because they can.

I ran out of the magnolia leaves on my fat shoes. David and Shannon and John looked up and choked on their cigarettes. I slammed the trapdoor over the hole and sat on it, hard, feeling their hands beating against my butt and the bottoms of my feet. The door was heavy and so am I, because I'm five feet ten inches tall.

"EIGHTY-FOOT KATIE, GODDAMMIT!"

John yelled. His voice sounded hollow through the wood. "Get off the door, you bitch!" David and Shannon were gasping and beating on the pallet with their fists.

Shannon's wagon was next to the hole, with three concrete blocks in the bottom. I tipped the wagon over and pulled the blocks toward me one by one, then piled up all the extra wood and pallets around my legs.

Now I'm sitting on the pile of wood and concrete they were going to use to hide from me and everybody else. I don't know what I'm going to do when the darkness starts to come in over the trees and my mom calls me from down the street. I don't know how I'm going to get up and run away so they won't catch me, I don't know what I'm going to say to them on the bus tomorrow morning. They were going to use the blocks to prop up the lid, so their cigarette smoke and their laughter about me could float out of the hole and into space, to join up with all the Eighty-foot Katies and class pictures and ugly brown shoes in the world, and I'm going to hold it down as long as I can.

THE END

Colonial Indochina Flashback

COLONIAL INDOCHINA
FLASHBACK

With our car doors shut
we are re-boxed
and indolent. We motor through
twin dogwood colonnades
whose air intervals whump-whump
our open windows. A steady, thought-high
floating white canopy at thirty-five
along the early Spring way
reminds me of cotton rows
ripe to snag
all the gathering hands
that we tried to leave behind
way back
in our otherwise empty driveway.

Mark S. Price



Untitled, 1995. Belinda Sabato Burnham

Sunday, 11:15 a.m.
Katherine Perry

SUNDAY, 11:15 AM

*For we are consumed by thine anger
and by thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou has set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
Psalm 90: 7-8*

I've outgrown this.
The glass leaves spots
on my skin, like a disease.

I watch the crystal prisms
dangling on chandeliers
like I did as a child,
stuck behind the too-tall pulpit,
reciting names: Genesis to Revelations,
correctly and in order.
I spouted out ancient language,
watched the lights, and wished to sit.

Later, squirming in the pew,
wanting to laugh and play,
I was told to sit still,
not to smile. I watched the coffin,
thinking of the dead girl that I hated,
and when she passed me,
I caught my face in the box's surface.

The last time I was here,
I marched determined to the altar,
costumed in white and plastic pearls
that caught the candle's flickers
and sprinkled them across my face.
Strange that I remember *that*,
not the minister's words, just
the dots of light covering
my body.

I came back today
to figure out what I lost then.
But I just watched the stained glass,
the colors on my skin.
They fascinate me.



Untitled II, 1992. Rina Motokawa



Mirror, 1992. Rina Motokawa

Sweet and Sour Reverie
Paul Hotchkiss

Touching her fingers to the place mat,
 she spoke with forced laughter
 of happiness and time.
She smiled quickly at the waiter,
 ordered only sweet and sour soup,
 ate slowly,
 had very little.
She took her fortune cookie,
 tore it open like wrapping paper,
 smiled sheepishly,
 read aloud:
 The near future holds change for the better.
She devoured it;
 it crunched hard in her mouth,
 splotched her lips with orange crumbs.
Her eyes met the picture of a dragon,
 wild-eyed and dancing—
 a simper escaped as she stood.
Outside,
 the stars, connected with sharp straight lines,
 became
 the dragon,
twirling in a desperate dance around the moon.

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THE CIRCLE

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Jerry is the
old man that
everyone was
afraid of as a child.

JERRY

JODY FAIRCLOTH

A big, burly, pug-faced
kind of guy that talked
like he had a huge
mash of sauer kraut
lodged eternally in his

throat. He was the best kid
in shop, so he decided to
make it a career. He spent a
year at the vocational school
and became the maintenance
man doing the night shift at a
local hotel. He kept his buds
for awhile, but soon drifted
and the job was all he had. He
never talked too much to the
ladies because he was scared
they just wouldn't talk back -
something he learned very
painfully in junior high.

So he got to making nice little carvings and trinkets to
ease the boredom and loneliness. He built things he wanted
and often put jigsaw puzzles together while watching T.V.

HE EVEN TRIED TO SHOW A FEW OF
THE THINGS HE MADE TO THE PEOP-
LE HE WORKED WITH. BUT VERY
FEW HAD THE TIME OR INTEREST,
AND THEY FOUND IT HARD TO LOOK
OVER THE STRANGENESS ABOUT
HIM. IT JUST WASN'T POSSIBLE TO
GET CLOSE TO THIS MAN WAS THE
USUAL ASSUMPTION. SO HE GOT
OLDER, MORE BORED AND VERY

LONELY. What really made it hard for him to sleep
was television. He worked at night so he usually only got to

EVENUALLY HE BEGAN TO DRINK TO EASE THE PAIN. IT STARTED AT HOME WITH JUST A FEW BEERS. A LIGHT BUZZ MADE COMEDIES MORE HUMOROUS AND RESTLESSNESS NOT SO VALIANT AN ADVERSARY. IN TIME, THE COURAGE THAT CAME TO HIM IN THOSE BOTTLES TOOK HIM OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD. IT DRAGGED HIM RIGHT DOWN TO THE LOCAL BAR. HE WAS THE ONE THAT SAT ON THE STOOL CLOSEST TO THE T.V. AND TALKED MOSTLY TO THE BARTENDER. ALWAYS DECKED OUT IN HIS BEST DUDS, A WARM FLANNEL AND RED RAGGED WORK HAT, DARK BLUE LEVIS AND WORN LEATHER BOOTS. JUST A LITTLE PLUMP IN THE MIDDLE.

catch the daytime soaps. All those people with all those intertwining relationships. He knew it was just T.U., but, damn it, there had to be someone out there for him too. Somebody had to be interested in leading a slow, comfortable lifestyle, like him.

While the morning crept up to meet the blinds in this third story window, he would imagine scenarios of impossible events to help him ease into sleep. And sometimes, just occasionally, he would slip softly into slumber happily believing that he had met his soulmate, and she was the sunshine on his face. A perfect fairy tale where Jerry was the hero and got his girl, and she loved him unconditionally.

► Eventually he began to drink to ease the pain. It started at home with just a few beers. A light buzz made comedies more humorous and restlessness not so valiant an adversary. In time, the courage that came to him in those bottles took him out into the real world. It dragged him right down to the local bar. He was the one that sat on the stool closest to the T.U. and talked mostly to the bartender. Always decked out in his best duds, a warm flannel and red ragged work hat, dark blue Levis and worn leather boots. Just a little plump in the middle.

There were other locals that frequented the bar too. After a while they began to talk for nothing better to do between sips. Jerry made friends with some of the guys and it became a regular thing. Then one night Jerry got lucky and found a deliciously drunk woman in tight

jeans, with a big boof of hair, and some wrinkles that showed she'd already had a rough life. She and Jerry hit it off and that night Jerry lost his virginity at the gentle age of thirty to a woman five times his senior. He woke up early because he was too tired to stay in bed with this sleeping woman, whom he believed he loved. She finally woke up and was rather candid about the hang-over throbbing in her head, because of the few too many from the night before, but was touched by Jerry's gesture. She found that he had a nice clean apartment with plenty of interesting things to look at. She felt comfortable almost immediately, even though she felt a little self-conscious about this not being your normal one-night-stand. But Jerry let her take a shower, have some breakfast and coffee, and they walked to the park just down the street. It's hard to say how happy Jerry was, but I'm sure you can imagine. He had to be at work at eight, but was hoping that she would stay at his place that night and wait for him to get home again by six-thirty in the morning at the latest.

Unfortunately, this was too much to ask because it was Monday and she had to be at work in the beauty salon tomorrow. Jerry was a lit-

tle daunted, but they exchanged numbers, he left an open invitation, and gave her twenty dollars for cab fare home period.

Jerry whistled on his way to the bus stop that night and spent the whole shift dreaming about her. The ideas of matrimony and his kids were just shimmers, compared to his visions of up coming days in the park and nights in the dark. He had found a companion. But, Jerry knew enough about these things from watching TV and waited a few days before calling a little after six, which is when he figured she'd be home. With solid determination and a voice sounding as strong as possible, he asked her to go out on a date friday night.

Now Evelyn hadn't been on a real date for a very long time and was overjoyed by the idea immediately. But didn't want this guy to get the wrong idea, so politely excepted on the condition that Jerry bring flowers and nothing but the best intentions. Jerry was absolutely the happiest he'd ever been in his life. He'd met a woman who wanted to talk to him. Flowers were no problem, he booked a reservation at the best restaurant he knew, a little pub right down the street from him that smelled of the best foods he could think of, though he'd never actually tried it.

Friday was a long day for Evelyn. She hadn't told any of the girls about that peculiar man, who thought a great

NOW EVELYN HADN'T BEEN ON A REAL DATE FOR A VERY LONG TIME and was overjoyed by the idea immediately, But didn't want this guy to get the wrong idea, so politely excepted on the condition that Jerry bring flowers and nothing but the best intentions.

deal about a one-night-stand. The invitation did not seem so enticing as it had a few days ago. She picked up the phone three times to call it off, but never followed through. Then this gorgeous guy came in and commented on how nice she looked. That decided it, she was going to be dynamite in pumps tonight, and Jerry had better watch out.

Friday night came and there Jerry was sitting outside her door in an old Dodge truck on loan from one of his bar buddies for a mere fifty bucks for that night and the next day. Jerry said his prayers, looked at her door, got out and approached her apartment carrying three white roses, which he liked best because they stand for purity. He knocked. Evelyn had been ready for half-an-hour, but coyly let him wait a minute while she said, "I'm coming, I'm not quite ready yet," while noting his precise on-timeness that she always liked in a man. She opened the door and Jerry just smiled real big and handed her the flowers. He walked her to the car and opened the door for her respectfully.

On the way over to the pub, they talked trivially of the borrowed transportation and the weather, both feeling a little antsy in this touchy, closed-in situation. But when Jerry got her to the eatery, she was overjoyed. In her eyes it was perfect and Jerry just proudly stated his reservations to the Maitre-D. They had nice glasses of wine and ate the most divine meal. The casual conversa-

THE NEXT FIVE OR SIX MONTHS WERE GREAT. HAPPINESS WAS ALWAYS JUST A DIAL AWAY OR A FEW TURNS OF THE CALENDAR IN THE FUTURE.

tion and the gleam in her eyes kept Jerry grinning and it was almost too much for him to respond if she demanded such. Every now and then he'd think of a story to tell her and she would just love the cuteness of it.

A little after nine a tight jazz band began to play and the waiters cleared some tables out, down front, so those who were in the mood could dance. Jerry was not much on the stuff, seeing how he'd never tried before, but with a little coaxing and a nice warm reassuring smile, Evelyn had him on the floor boogeying in a somewhat unorthodox, but not unattractive way. They slow danced a few, and Jerry could just feel how good it was to be him. The evening was

endearing and the late-night fantastic. Jerry just couldn't wait to see how much better it could get. The next day he was floating on air.

The next five or six months were great. Happiness was always just a dial away or a few turns of the calendar in the future. They became inseparable and Jerry was already considering popping the question.

Evelyn really liked having Jerry to depend on. She made the other girls, with their bad men and crappy relationships jealous of her sweet Jerry. All the things he did were perfectly cute, and incredibly innocent. He was so giving, even his smile was great, like a beacon of warmth that gave her faith in the possibilities of life.

All of the men in her past, that she liked to refer to as speed bumps, were the opposite of Jerry. They'd take her to McDonald's; Jerry would grill steaks. They'd take her to see the latest shoot-em-up flick; Jerry took her to plays at the local little theater. They talked about themselves with the reverence deserving of a saint. Jerry would sit still and with play her hair in his lap for hours, while she cleared her chest of the harshness of the world. They wanted her to cook, clean and run errands, while he demanded nothing. He quickly had become her pillar of support and comfort, and if he didn't exactly turn her on, well that was okay, because she knew enough about sex to know it was rarely as rewarding as hoped. He was her long term and that was better than the short thrill.

Around Christmas Jerry began acquiring as many things as he could think of to give his sweet. If she mentioned an inkling of want for

something, Jerry was doing his best to get it for her. But then the shifts got heavier because of people going on vacation and Jerry got left holding the bag. But he figured the extra money would be real handy very soon. So he thought of her through all of the drudgery. Then one day she didn't have time to talk. Then she would say she would call him back but didn't. The dates ground to a halt and Jerry felt like he was suffocating in the air he only a few weeks before had been floating on.

Eventually a thing so good to have and love can become a burden. So when Evelyn found herself in a strange bed after a wild night with the girls she was not very surprised. She knew she had spoiled the only pure and good thing she had in her life and wasn't going to try to pretend otherwise. She knew that Jerry would forgive her, but she could not. The shame was

twice as lonely as her happiness had been bliss. It was a wall that girded her heart and kept her shoulder cold and brisk.

Just before Christmas he called her. He could hide nothing and told her how badly he missed and needed her. He then came up with a variety of desperate reasons why she had deserted him and begged her to give him a second chance. He pleaded for a chance to see her and make it up to her.

She would not see him but she would talk. She was sorry. He was a great guy and she hoped she wasn't hurting him, but she didn't ever have a chance to see him anymore, and her old boyfriend was around, and hoped they could remain friends. She hung up the phone quietly, somberly, breathing hollowly, for a very long time.

► Jerry cried continually alone in the dark for no better reason than it was all he had left in him. He was shaken, scared, ashamed, and had no ability to deal with all he had lost. He kept working, but didn't return to the bar anymore, couldn't face the fellas after all the things he had told them. People around the hotel noticed he wasn't smiling as much as they had grown accustomed to, which

made them wonder, but not enough to ask. The bottle soon called to him and he lost his job.

Jerry's been moving through the world for about twenty years, but by the wear on him you'd think it was more like a hundred. He just keeps to himself a lot, doesn't attract too much attention and likes it that way. He still makes things and fixes things, and has a funny little grumble when he's frustrated.

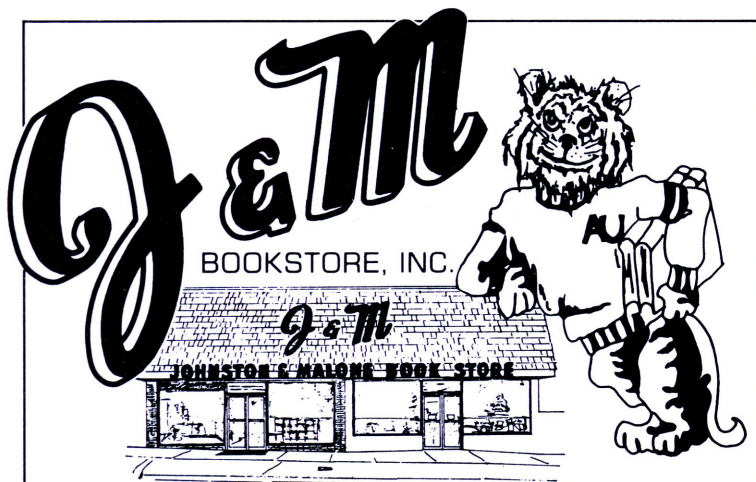
Some days, I see Jerry around the national park where we work. One night we sat around a twelve pack, by a lake high in the Montana Rockies, and talked about love. In a silly state of inebriation, I thought myself well versed and knowledgeable in such matters, but after Jerry's sobering revelation, I realized that he was far wiser and experienced in such matters than I would ever want to be.

I try to talk to Jerry sometimes, but it's hard. He's in his own world and there's little that I as a kid of nineteen, full of piss and shine, can do to draw him out of it. But, we all know who he is and will remember him. Jerrys make up a large part of this world, so be good to one if you know him.

JERRY CRIED CONTINUALLY ALONE IN THE DARK FOR NO BETTER REASON THAN IT WAS ALL HE HAD LEFT IN HIM. HE WAS SHAKEN, SCARED, ASHAMED, AND HAD NO ABILITY TO DEAL WITH ALL HE HAD LOST.

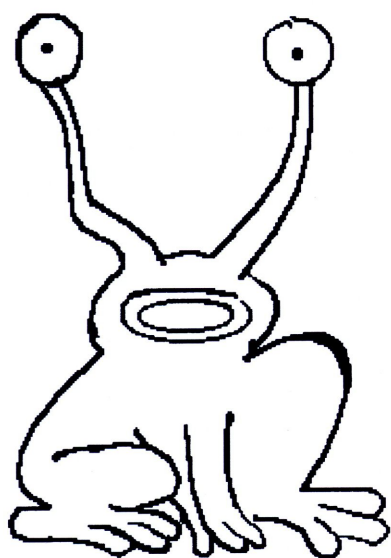


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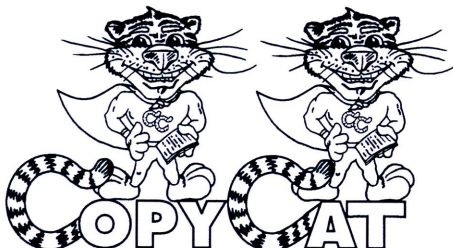
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Ujutro sam se probudila. A čim me
čeli pucali. Tata je rekao da idem
a baka i pra dijete. Za malom spalor grana
moji otac i sam. Nije mi se ukoile
čela sam svo dohiti. Tata je
ene i tatu zatopala s jastukom. Baka je
da sam plakala u seli da teta neredida
i jastuk i tuga obuzela.

RENNEN IN VERBORHIEDENEN
BRACHEN

२२६ २२६ की भाशाओ मे सोचना
२२६ वा